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WHOLE NUMBER 292.

Rain in the Heart.

"INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL."
This is true all over; if this were all!
That into each life some rain must fall,
There were fainter lines in the poet's rhyme,
There were fewer weeks on the shores of time.
But tempests of war pass over the soul,
Since winds of anguish we cannot control,
And shock after shock we are called to bear,
Till the lips are white with the heart's despair.

The shores of Time with weeks are strown,
Unto the ear comes every a mourn—
Wrecks of hopes that set sail in glee,
Weeks of life are sinking silently.

Many are led from the human eye,
Only God knows how deep they lie;
All God heard when arose the cry—
"Help me to bear; oh, help me to die!"

INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL."
This is true all over; if this were all!
Yet there is a well of calm and blust—
Grace often will reach it at last.

Be strong, be strong to my heart I'll cry,
The pain in the wounded shall drift him;
Days of sunshine are given to all—
The "INTO EACH LIFE SOME RAIN MUST FALL."

Oath Ours.

If I had known in the morning
How weary all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind

I said when you went away.

I had been more kind, darling,
Not so much trouble pain;
But we've "out" of it now

With fond and true

We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it's not

That never for me,

The pain of the heart should cease

How many go forth in the morning;
That never come home at night;

And hours have broken

For harsh words spoken

That sorrow can never set right.

We have had earnest thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sombre guest;

But off for "our own"

The bitter tone,

Though we love "our own" the best.

Ah, lips with the curve impatient!

Ah, how with that look of scorn!

"Twere a cruel fate,

Were the night too late
To undo the work of man.

Lore in a Grave Yard.

Right next to the grave of Chancellor Walworth sat two of the loveliest lovers in Saratoga—young, sentimental and gushing. They had been engaged the last two weeks. Passing behind the monument with Mr. Palmerston, the venerable old sexton, I heard the following conversation from these young lovers, almost too full for utterance.

Give it literally:

"Angel, net!"

"Whist, Charley?"

"What awful poetry on the grave-stones, lovely!"

"What, sweetie?"

"I said what dreadful verses on the grave-stones, darling!"

"Oh, did you, my own?"

"Yes, duckie, listen!"

"Here lies the wife of Robert Recorde; He walked the ways of peripatetic."

"Oh, my!"

They came a long pause. He was holding her hand in one of his, while the other whipped his pants along with a cane. Then the pause was interrupted by:

"Oh, sweetie!"

"What, Charley?"

"Such queer grave-stones!"

"Such queer what, darling?"

"I said what strange poetry on the grave-stones."

"Oh, did you, pet?"

"Yes, angel, look at that one—

40 years a maiden,
1 year a wife,
2 months a mother,
And that took her life."

"Oh, Charley!"

That is just what these loving lovers said. —[Saratoga Letter.]

CONTRIBUTED.—The good old mountaineer sat fanning and sweating in his cabin door, on the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, at sunset of a summer day. He was minus one of the two garments worn by mountaineers in warm weather, and the amount of bare shank visible told which one. A traveler at the gate inquired for lodgings. "Yes, stranger," says the hospitable owner of the ranch. "Git down and tie yer critter; you can come in if you can 'low for 'pearances, for I went over to the salt-works this evening, and they hed a run of extra white. I hed no sack, so I jest took off my breeches, tied up the legs, and fetched home a bushel or so for the old 'oman to salt her butter with. Yes, git down and come in." It is necessary to say the next house on the road entertained a traveler that night?—[Courier-Journal.]

The sugar crop of Louisiana for the season of 1876-77 was 126,331 hogsheads, weighing 190,672,570 pounds. The molasses yield was 12,024,108 gallons, and the rice crop 176,826 barrels, or 50,669,980 pounds. The latter exceeded any ever before raised in the State.

"Jack," said a man to a lad just entering his teens, "your father is drowned." "Hang it," replied the young hopeful, "and he's got my jack-knife in his pocket."

Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady if he would venture on an orange.

"Madam," he replied, "I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

The production of coal oil has been increased from 500,000 barrels in 1860 to 8,968,906 barrels in 1876.

Engaged.

The story of Evangeline is repeated with wonderful fidelity in all its details in the experience of a young French girl, resident of Marseilles. She was engaged to a sailor to whom she was to be married on his return from a voyage to New York. He did not return, and after a year she got a berth as steward's assistant on one of the Havre steamers, to come here in search of him. On the passage a rich American lady became interested in her story, and resolved to help her find out her lover. In New York she learned that he had gone to Canada. For months she traveled about the Dominion, sometimes close on his track, and again losing every clue to his whereabouts. She returned to New York, and one day, while standing at Broadway crossing waiting her turn to get across she saw the object of her search on the other side. She shrieked his name, and ran into the middle of the street, but a policeman caught her and saved her from the wheels of the string of vehicles. "As god of God there was none," and she never again saw the Gabriel she had so long sought and so nearly found. She learned then that he had sailed for San Francisco, and she went overland to California to meet him. Arrived on the Pacific Coast, she found that her lover had fallen overboard just outside the Heads and been drowned. Meanwhile, the body of a young man dressed in sailor's clothes was cast ashore on the beach, carried to the Coronet's office, and, not being identified, was interred in the public cemetery. A water-damaged pocket book was taken from the dead man, which contained only a few letters written in French and undressed. The girl hearing of this, went to the coroner's office and found that the letters were hers. The waves had surely washed them from her lover, or he will escape her. Quarrels may, in some cases, renew love, but not often. In fact, it may be a serious question whether a quarrel is ever really efficacious, because if it is not perfectly real it is obviously a failure, and if it is real it may be final. We cannot recommend quarrels, then, even with high classical authority.

The Herald relates the following incident of Indianapolis life: A few days ago a thin, weary, ragged, and forlorn-looking woman who carried a child on her back, one eye gouged out, one ear bit off, his nose twisted around, and his left cheek, all his teeth knocked out, and his skull trepanned. At the time of his leaving Texas he was the veteran editor of the State press.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, October 12, 1877.

W. P. Walton, Editor

OHIO REDEEMED.

She goes Democratic by from \$5,000 to \$6,000.

There is a powerful significance in the tremendous Democratic majority in Ohio. It means that the days of Republicanism, returning Boards and 8 to 7 Commissions are over—that John Sherman and his ruinous policy are denounced, and that a new and prosperous era is dawning. Ohio, the home of the *de facto* President while admiring his pacificatory policy, has declared itself eternally opposed to the means that put him in office. We reason thus because there was nothing in the Democratic Gubernatorial aspirant to produce enthusiasm. He is a man of fair ability, but not such an one as would induce a Republican to vote the Democratic ticket alone, for the pleasure of casting it for him. Bishop's 25,000 to 40,000 majority then means the people of Ohio intend in the future to steer clear of a party that well nigh enveloped the country in destruction. The cast of the Legislature elected is strongly Democratic, and Ohio's next Senator will, of course, be a Democrat. Hoop la.

A TERRIFIC storm of wind and rain passed over Schuykill Valley last Friday, leaving fearful destruction in its wake. The railroad that runs through it suffered badly in the loss of bridges and embankments, and a passenger train on the Pickering R. R. was, on account of a washout in one of the latter, plunged down a distance of over a hundred feet. Fifteen or twenty persons were killed and over forty badly wounded. The night was terribly dark, the rain poured down in torrents, and the agonizing shrieks of the 200 unfortunate were awful in the extreme. The cars and engine are a total wreck.

YELLOW FEVER still rages in Fernandina, Florida. There are from ten to twelve cases daily and the inhabitants are terror stricken. The Mayor of the town appeals for aid in the following earnest manner: "We cry for help, and cry now. In the name of our smitten community, in the name of that God who hath touched us with his woeful judgment, we implore you to give us help." Louisville and other cities have responded to the call.

THERE is no opposition to Col. Holliday, the Democratic nominee for Governor in Virginia, and he therefore declines to canvass the State. As the election does not take place till the 6th of November, and in view of the fact that there are a great many dishonest men in Virginia, who favor repudiation, we think it would be wise for the Democrats to be on their guard. A candidate might slip in on a rascally repudiation platform.

In seventeen days the Moffett dram registers recorded in Richmond, Va., 135,550 malt, and 137,000 alcoholic drinks. The amount of tax on them was \$3,850. Taking this as a fair average in Richmond, and counting the whole State proportionately, it would seem that Virginia could be able to pay her heavy public debt before very long.

THE RUSSIANS admit a loss to their army, so far, of 52,000 men. Considering that they have accomplished nothing, their loss should greatly discourage them, but we read that they are in fine spirits, and exceedingly hopeful of the final result. This is some consolation to those whose sympathies are with the Russians.

THOSE Somerset editors are rearing and snorting because we remarked that Somerset had only about 500 inhabitants. We had no intention whatever of riling these gentlemen, we only stated the number there when we last counted them. But that was in January, and the "Keens" have got there since.

THE daily papers have a telegram from General Miles, dated at his camp Oct. 5th, on Eagle Creek, Montana, announcing that after a three days engagement with them he had succeeded in capturing Fighting Joe and his hostile band of Nez Perces Indians. Where's how?

JOHN MADE ROOM FOR HIS UNCLE.—John W. Bayless shot and killed his uncle Amos Bayless in Harrison county, last week because the old man beat him over the head with a stick to make him tell the name of the man that had seduced his daughter.

J. D. KIDWELL and M. D. Sorrell quarelled over a game of cards at Butler Station, on the Kentucky Central R. R., a few days ago, when Kidwell settled the dispute by blowing Sorrell's brains out. Kidwell is under arrest.

IOWA's State election was held last Tuesday. It went, of course, Republican, but by a much smaller majority than usual.

A RIGID decent little snow storm fell in New York last Friday, and ice formed in Cincinnati.

THERE are five preachers in the Kentucky Penitentiary to one editor. What does this show?

R. B. HAYES' GREAT SHOW.—The CHAMPION PERFORMER and REFORMER AGAIN TO TAKE THE FIELD.—It is announced in Washington that Hayes is soon to start out on another tour with his Political Menagerie. This time he goes in compliance with the advice of his cabinet. It is not a trip to be taken for mere recreation, but for the public good, at the instance of his "constitutional advisers," after grave consultation. Verily, Mr. Hayes is the champion Civil Service Reformer of the age. He is the first man at the head of the government who has dared to say that officials should keep aloof from politics, and at the same time send his chief cabinet officer to make a political speech upon the eve of an important election in his own State. He is the first President, too, who has had the distinguishing courage to muster his cabinet and make a regular stump-speaking canvass of the nation, within less than six months after his inauguration. The result of the Ohio election seems to indicate that the President's efforts for reform are having a very happy effect. Hope he'll keep his show a moving.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY NEWS.

Broadhead.

OCTOBER 10th, 1877.

Jack Frost came with a vengeance.

Summer is not lingering in the lap of Autumn, but it seems that Winter, with his hoary locks, is treading rather closely on the heels of the latter.

There is a report being extensively circulated through the county that is damaging the good name of our Sheriff, it says that he tried to hire certain parties to waylay and shoot a young man whom he was afraid to arrest. Hope it is not true.

The farmers, we believe, all got their tobacco in before the frost. By the way, our farmers have made as fine an article of tobacco this year as can be found in any country. Our enterprising tobacco manufacturers, Albright & Martin, deserve all the praise.

Miss Kate Melvin, of Crab Orchard, is visiting Miss Jennie Rolain. Misses Maggie Mann and Anna Davis, of Mercer, are visiting Miss Helen Chestnut.

The attendance at Sabbath School Sunday, was very small; strange, that out of a population of 150 a respectable Sabbath School cannot be kept up. The prime and urgent need is one to cure our people from their lethargy and summon them to an intelligent and faithful discharge of duty, to convince them that parents, superintendents, teachers and all Christians are personally responsible to God for the vigorous existence of their Sabbath School. Another pressing need is a good library, to preclude the reading of trashy matter that inserts in the mind a germ of moral poison at every perusal.

IRONIA.

OCTOBER 10, 1877.

Quarterly Court was in session Monday. There being a light docket, the business was soon disposed of.

Miss Minnie Pollard, quite a fascinating young lady from Warsaw, Ky., is visiting her cousin, Miss Celia D. Adams, at this place.

A number of persons left here yesterday morning, and this morning, for Louisville, as witnesses in the U. S. Court against certain moonshiners.

Simultaneously with the adjourning of Grand Jury, T. T. Wallace came into town; he looked somewhat worn and gaunt, but his friends were glad to see him after his two weeks' absence, the Lord knows whether.

It is amusing to see how many persons go away from M. F. Brinkley's absolutely loaded down with bundles of all sorts of goods. Brinkley sells so astonishingly cheap that when a customer comes in he can't leave as long as he has a cent of money.

A young man came into town yesterday after his marriage license. He had come on foot 16 miles. Being interrogated by the Clerk, it was discovered that the expectant bride was "under age," and the unfortunate would-be-Benedict had not brought the necessary "certificate" from the old man, her father. He insisted that her father was well, but the Clerk was incredulous. As the disappointed boy trudged wearily out of town, his heart went out to him in pity. It was sad.

Mr. W. H. Spradlin has sold his farm near here to Messrs. John B. Lentz and L. A. Shaffer, of Louisville, for \$5,000. Mr. Lentz will move his family here about the middle of next month. Mr. Shaffer and family will come about the first of November. These gentlemen will erect another dwelling on the farm and otherwise improve it. They come to us recommended as clever, enterprising gentlemen, and as such we welcome them in our midst.

Resolved, That his burial in a distant county, according to his request, alone prevents this Lodge from attending his funeral in a body.

To those of his kindred and immediate friends who feel most sensitively the bereavement, we render our condolences.

This proceeding shall be entered on the minutes, etc.

A. E. PENNY, J. Comtee
W. F. WALTON, J. Comtee

October 11, 1877.

MARKET.

Louisville.

There was a steady selling in the Louisville produce market yesterday. Provisions were quiet, fish closing at 75¢ for bacon shoulders, 95¢ for clear ribsides, and 95¢ 95¢ for clear sides. Bulk meat were held at 6¢ for shoulders, 85¢ for clear ribsides, 85¢ for clear sides, and 85¢ 95¢. Lard was held at 10¢ per pound, 95¢ for bacon, and 10¢ for lard. Pork was quiet at \$14.75.

Wheat was steady at \$1.185¢ 20¢ for red, \$1.205 12.5¢ for amber, and 12.5¢ for white. Corn was quiet at 46¢ 47¢ for mixed and 48¢ for white on arrival, and 55¢ 56¢ from store. Oats were quiet at 25¢ 26¢ on arrival, and 36¢ 38¢ from store. Rice at 38¢ 39¢. Flour was quiet at \$4.75¢ 30¢ extra for fancy brands. Butter was quiet at 15¢ 16¢ Eggs were held at 13¢ 14¢—Loin, Commercial, 11¢.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CARSON HOUSE

R. CARSON, Proprietor.

Having leased the Bruce House, the undersigned is again before the public and solicits its patronage. His friends are aware of his capacity to keep a

FIRST - CLASS HOTEL, and he assures them that he will endeavor to maintain his reputation. He has the

BEST STABLE IN TOWN,

where horses will be kept at reasonable rates. Give him a call.

R. CARSON.

PUBLIC SALE!

I will offer for sale,

On Tuesday, October 30, '77

MY FARM,

known as the Logan Carpenter farm, in Lincoln, Ky., 12 miles from Louisville, convenient to churches and schools. I will also offer my stock, etc., consisting of

Horse, Cattle, Hogs, Mules, Corn, Wheat, Etc., Oats, 1/2-horse wagon, spring wagon, farming implements, lot knob land, and other things too tedious to mention. Come and call.

JAS H. PRUITT.

1/2-mi.

<p

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, K.Y.,

Friday Morning, October 12, 1877.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

GET the Noisette Slat at Chenualt's.
Try Smith & Miller's variety of Cake and Improved Light Bread.

WINDOW GLASS all sizes at the lowest prices at E. R. Chenualt's.

CLOTHES for every body. Prices from \$2.25 to \$16 at Chenualt's.

BUY your Books, Paper, Pens, Ink and Pencils at E. R. Chenualt's.

If you want a good Shot Gun, Ammunition, &c., go to Bohon & Stagg's.

J. H. & S. H. SHANES are just receiving and opening a new stock of goods.

CALL on Henry Husing for Books and Shoes. He is shoemaking again.

Go to E. R. Chenualt's for School Books. Large stock at publishers' prices.

CALL and see the largest stock of clocks ever brought to Stanford at Chenualt's.

A good assortment of Spectacles at low prices, just received at Anderson & Morris.

J. H. & S. H. SHANES have a full line of Clothing for Boys and Youths from 3 to 15 years of age.

A beautiful assortment of the latest style Visiting Cards just received at this office. Twenty-five with your name printed on them for 25 cents.

Canson & Dods are daily in receipt of Fresh Oysters, which they serve to their customers in any style, in the most approved manner. Give them a call.

OUR STOCK of School Books, Plates, Copy Books, Pens, Ink and Paper is now complete in every way. Come and buy.

ANDERSON & MORRIS.

Mrs. L. BEAZLEY wishes her friends and patrons to know that she keeps at all times new and fashionable Millinery Goods. Her place of business can be found by her sign "Millinery and Dress Making."

STANFORD WINTER & CO., S. E. COR. 3rd & Market Sts., Louisville, Ky., have entered largely into the Boys and Youth Clothing Trade, there is a decided improvement in the appearance of the "future" men.

S. N. MATHENY, the best Merchant Tailor in Central Kentucky, has on hand, and is constantly receiving a splendid stock of goods for Fall and Winter wear. He works the best material only, and always guarantees a good fit.

THE venerable and good "Grandma" Carnes, well-known to many of our readers in this locality, and indeed throughout the State, died at Rockcastle Springs, on Friday last, after a short but painful illness.

Many years ago was widely known in this country as a successful "midwife" and a very kind of mercy in the sick room. Having lived a useful, Christian life, her dapture for the "Better Land" was peaceful and hopeful. Though her sufferings were great, her patience and fortitude were equal to the last agonies. A good woman has gone to a glorious reward.

ANOTHER KILLING.—Most of our local readers are apprised of the fact of the killing of Mr. Camillus Montgomery, by his brother-in-law Mr. Samuel Owens, on Friday last at McKinney's Station. Immediately after the unfortunate affair Mr. Owens went to Hustonville and delivered himself to the authorities who placed him under guard to await his examining trial on Tuesday last. The facts developed that Mr. Owens was entirely justified, that Montgomery had previously threatened his life and that on the day of the killing he had drawn his pistol and attempted to shoot Owens. The pistol was taken from him by bystanders but Montgomery renewed the attack with a knife, when Owens drew his pistol and shot him dead. The trouble originated over a debt that Montgomery claimed that Owens owed him and which the latter had been paid. The case was tried before Squires Brown and Compton, who, after the hearing of the testimony and the arguments of counsel, acquitted the prisoner.

A STRANGE SUICIDE.—About 11 o'clock Wednesday morning, Mr. A. C. Snow went to the room jointly occupied by him and Mr. Thomas B. Stagg, and found that it was locked, with the key inside. He received no answer to his repeated calls, but on listening close discovered a very heavy and peculiar breathing within the room. He immediately called Dr. Bailey, who pronounced that the bather was either under the effects of whisky or poison. The door was forced open, when it was discovered that Mr. Stagg was lying on the bed in the throes of death. Dr. Craig was called to assist Dr. Bailey, and together they began their efforts to restore him, but even the most powerful antidotes would have no effect, death coming to his relief about 4 o'clock. All the surroundings pointed to a deliberate suicide, the poison taken being an ounce of laudanum that had been procured that morning. Mrs. S. S. Myers returned from Louisville yesterday. The latter had been to attend the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP ITEMS

G. W. Alford is buying stock hogs at \$4.00 per hundred.

B. G. Gover has sold to Mr. Bibb, 138 acres of his farm for \$50 per acre.

F. J. Campbell sold to Reuben Williams 25 shotts and sows, averaging 135 lbs, at 5 cents.

Sweet potatoes should be dug at once; it injures them to remain in the ground after the leaves are injured by the frost.

COL. R. J. White, who was a passenger on Wednesday's train on his return from New York, says that he did very well with the money he had.

HAYDEN BROS. have just opened twenty-four cases of extra well made custom boots, from the coarse winter kind to the finest French calf-skin. It is the best lot of boots we ever examined.

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MARRIED.—Falstaff sends us the following: "Your sprightly correspondent at Lancaster, inquires: 'What has become of Falstaff?' Please say to her he has married and changed his name, and is now governing a family of seventy children with paternal solicitude."

A BUCKEYE Grain Drill at Wholesale price for sale by Wearen & Evans.

FARMERS wanting the best Wheat Drill will find it at Campbell & Miller's.

GO to J. N. Davis's Oyster and Eating Saloon in the basement of the Bruce Hotel. Give him a call; you will be served at all hours and in the very best manner.

DON'T buy a cloak, ladies, until you examine and price those at John H. Craig's Trade Store. They excel any thing this side of New York.

THE rush to look at and buy new goods at the store of Hayden Bros. continues unabated. One lady bought \$50 worth of them the other morning before 9 o'clock.

ALL ladies delight in new furniture, and those of such as bedsheets, tables, chairs, carpets, mattresses, &c., can find a splendid assortment at Hayden Bros.

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R. CARSON.—You had just as well try to keep a fish alive out of water as to keep Mr. R. Carson out of a Hotel. He may quite, resolve to stay quiet and re-serve but we will wage two to one that he'll die proprietor of a hotel. It is a good thing for the public that he can't keep out of the business, for a clever and more accommodating host never dispensed the hospitalities of a better Hotel than he knows how to and does keep. He now holds forth at the Bruce House, and is prepared to entertain his friends in superior style. When you come to Circuit Court next week be sure and call on the old man. He will do you right.

NOT TRUE.—The report that Mr. John Henry Myers had died in Texas, originated from a letter to "Square Murphy," saying that he was very ill with Typhoid Fever.

The worst had, however past and the prospects were good for his recovery.

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GO to Bohon & Stagg's for Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, best Whiskies, Brandies and Wines for Medicinal use. Miscellaneous and School Books, Stationery of all varieties, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Guns and Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Shot, Caps, Fishing Tackle, Boxes, Trunks, Umbrellas, Fans, Lamps and Fixtures, Picture Frames and Moldings, Folded Hat Racks, Paints and Oils of all colors and kinds. Prescriptions carefully filled at any hour day and night.

LOCAL NEWS.

A LOT of fine sheets and sows for sale by Sept. Campbell.

A NEW lot of Stoves, Grates, &c., at bottom prices at Wearen & Evans'.

CALL at J. N. Davis' and see the best set of Harness in the State for the money.

A FULL report of the terrible accident near Hustonville, will be found in another column.

THE glories of the tints of Autumn woods are eclipsed by the new and lovely Millinery goods at Craig's Emporium.

THE softest, prettiest blankets we ever looked at can be seen at Hayden Bros. They are as soft as the down on the bosom of a swan.

THOSE cassimere suits at \$25 to be found at Hayden Bros. are decidedly the best, cheapest and handsomest of the season. Their stock of clothing is immense.

THE nipping frosts are upon us, and our lady friends will need warm undershirts. If they will go to Hayden Bros. they can sell you what you want at lower prices than ever bought there.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, October 12, 1877.

THOSE DIAMONDS.

"Now, Jack, be very careful," said my sister for the fiftieth time, as she stood by my side on the platform of the village depot, from which the train for New York was about so start; "remember the diamonds are worth ten thousand dollars!"

"O, bother, yes!" I exclaimed, impatiently: "I'm not likely to forget it. I guess you've reminded me of the fact often enough. Don't you suppose I know enough to take care of them?"

"You're inexperienced, and I'm afraid you'll be imposed upon."

"Don't you worry. But here's the train; good-bye!" and I leaped upon the platform and entered a car with a sense of wounded dignity. My sister Alice was to be married two days later at our county seat in the village of B—, and I then a young man of about twenty, had been deputed to visit New York City, and withdraw the family diamonds from their place of deposit in the safe of a certain bank. These jewels had been in the possession of my mother's family for centuries, and were only used on grand occasions. During the greater portion of the year they remained safely locked up in the bank vaults. They had not been used for nearly a twelve-month now, but were on the following Wednesday to adorn the person of my sister at the wedding.

So many cautions had been given me, and so much doubt expressed of my ability to bring the diamonds safe home to B—, that I realized the responsibility of my position fully, and determined to use the utmost care to insure the safety of the valuable heirlooms. If after all that had been said, they should be lost, I should not dare to show my face in B— again, I thought.

I walked almost the entire length of the car in my search for a seat, but every one was occupied, either by passengers or their baggage. I was about leaving for the forward car, when a soft hand tapped me upon the shoulder, and turning, I found myself face to face with one of the prettiest girls I had ever seen. She was a blonde, with a sparkling, piquant face, a wealth of golden hair, and a little, perfectly rounded form. Raising her eyes to mine, she said, with a bewildered smile:

"Here is a seat, sir. See, I have removed my valise." She recited herself, and motioned me to take my place by her side, which I did with alacrity, saying to myself: "Jack Bascomb, my boy, you are in luck!"

I will confess that at that time my one weakness was a fondness for the society of pretty girls; therefore, I mentally congratulated myself on my good fortune in securing this fair stranger as a traveling companion. I was conceived enough to fancy myself almost irresistible, and I at once began to exercise my imaginary powers of fascination upon the young lady. At first she was very reserved, and replied to my remarks on the weather and kindred subjects in monosyllables; but she gradually grew more talkative and when we had been on our way an hour we were engaged in an animated and interesting conversation. My companion was very communicative, and in a short time had informed me that her name was Laura Gardner; that she lived in Hartford, and that she was now on her way to the home of her aunt in New York City, where she expected to spend a fortnight. She was evidently a person of refinement and culture, and I was quite fascinated by her. When I told her my name, a cry of surprise escaped her lips.

"Why, is it possible that you are Alice Bascomb's brother?" she asked. "I am," I replied, "are you acquainted with my sister?"

"Oh, yes; she and I attended the N— boarding school at the same time. You must have heard her mention me."

I was certain that I never had, but I mentally resolved that this young lady's acquaintance should be cultivated by the family in future.

"Do you remain long in New York?" asked my companion.

"No, I return by the 8 P. M. train this evening."

"Ah! I'm sorry; I was in hopes your stay would be long enough to permit of your calling at my aunt's house," and she smiled another of those dazzling, bewildering smiles, as her eyes sought mine.

"I only wish I could Miss Gardner," I said, "but I trust we shall meet again ere long."

"Oh, I hope so," she exclaimed.

"Do you, indeed, Miss Laura?" I asked, becoming bolder; and seizing the little hand that lay in her lap, "may I then flatter myself that the thought of a future meeting is not altogether an unpleasant one?"

I thought then that I was an immensely eloquent and fascinating fellow, and that she knew it; I think now that I was a fool, and have reason to suppose that she was quite aware of the fact.

She gently drew her hand from mine, uttered a half-suppressed sigh, and said—

"It is by no means an unpleasant thought, Mr. Bascomb."

"And dare I hope—?" I began.

She checked my impetuosity, saying:

"Remember, Mr. Bascomb, we have been acquainted but a few hours."

"I feel as if I had known you a life time," I said, "so pardon me if I repeat my question; may I hope—?"

"You may hope for much in the future," she interrupted gently; "for the present, however, it would be well to dismiss the subject."

Of course I could do no less than obey her bidding, but I flattered myself that she was considerably "struck" by me.

On our arrival in New York, I asked to be allowed to escort Miss Gardner to her aunt's house. But she replied that her cousin had agreed to meet her in the depot. I at once conducted her to the ladies' room, where I requested the privilege of remaining with her until her cousin's arrival. She was evidently anxious to be rid of me for some reason or other, and I concluded that it would be impolite to oppose her wishes. As I entered a car to go down town to my hotel, I looked back and saw, at the window of the ladies' room, my fair traveling companion, and by her side a tall, fine-looking man. They were both laughing heartily, and for a moment I imagined that they were laughing at me. But conceit soon came to the rescue and banished that idea; what was in my appearance to excite merriment? The notion was absurd!

That afternoon I got the diamonds from their hiding place in the bank vaults, and deposited them in a safe corner of my valise, and said to myself:

"Now then, the man don't live who is smart enough to get those jewels away from me!"

The valise was not out of my sight that day, and when I took my seat in the 8 o'clock train that evening I placed it by my side, and, resting my arm upon it, mentally congratulated myself on my superior sagacity and shrewdness.

Presently I drew the evening paper from my pocket, and was preparing to make myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, when my eye fell upon the form of a lady seated a short distance in front of me, the contour of which seemed very familiar. An instant later I sprang forward, valise in hand, and exclaimed:

"Good evening, Miss Gardner!"

For the lady was no other than my pretty traveling companion of the morning.

She looked up, and I saw that her face bore the evidence of recent weeping.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Bascomb," she said, with an attempt at a smile.

My sister did not wear the diamonds at her wedding, but she did very soon after, for they were recovered within a week by the detectives who were employed to work up the case, and to whom I had made the humiliating confession of my folly. I was summoned to New York one morning, three days after the memorable trip of which I have told, for the purpose of identifying a noted thief named Bill Travers, who was in the hands of the police. I found him to be the very man whom I had seen at the window of the ladies' room in the depot in company with "Laura Gardner."

I expressed great sympathy, offered any and every assistance in my power, and, in short, did all I could to assure my companion of the immense interest in her welfare.

But my solicitude about Miss Gardner was not so great as to banish from my mind the responsibility which weighed upon it. I did not forget that I had in my charge ten thousand dollars worth of diamonds, which, possibly, some clever thief might have had eyes on even now. I kept the valise tightly locked between my feet, and I did not allow my vigilance to relax even when I was the most assiduous in my attention to my fair companion.

"Will you be kind enough to close the window?" asked the young lady, presently.

Of course I sprang to my feet and executed her bidding with alacrity, not forgetting the valise, however. When I turned I half expected that it would be gone, for I was growing nervous as to my distance from the house, but there it sat exactly as I had left it. From that time until the train stopped at B—, at nearly midnight, I did not lose sight of the bag.

"Good-bye, Miss Laura," I said, as I pressed her little hand and arose to leave her.

"Good-bye, Jack," she responded, with a bewildering glance from those wonderful eyes.

I was enchanted; but already the train had begun to move away from the village station, so I was compelled to rush from the presence of my dulcine at a most undignified pace, postponing an expression of my raptures till some future time.

"Here ye are, after all, sor," said Patrick, the old coachman, who met me as I stepped upon the platform.

"Sure, the ladies have been very nervous about ye, the day, and they sent me to meet you wid the carriage."

I muttered something not very complimentary to the ladies as I jumped into the vehicle.

"Sure, sor," said Patrick, as he leaped into the box and started the horses, "did you have any trouble in gettin' the diamonds safe here?"

"Certainly not, Patrick," I replied, with dignity.

"Well, d'y'e know, sor, there's bin a dale o' worryin' about you at the house this day. By the way, sor—excuse the liberty—who was the young lady I seen ye a-talkin' to in the car?"

"A young lady from Hartford."

"An' ye made her acquaintance in the car, I'll be bound, sor."

"Well, Patrick, perhaps you are not so far from being right," I replied, with a smile.

"Mister Jack," burst forth Patrick, "the girls will be the ruin of ye yet. I'll bet a month's pay that girl has got the diamonds."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, grasping the bag involuntarily; "you're crazy, Patrick. They're safely locked in this valise."

"Is that so?"

"Certainly it is."

"Well, then, sor, bejabbers! I'll not believe it till I see them," and Patrick resolutely turned his back and began hurrying the horses.

"Have you got the diamonds? Has anything happened?" demanded my sister and a dozen of her young lady friends, springing to my side as I entered the drawing-room.

"Bother! Yes!" I exclaimed, "I've got the diamonds, and nothing whatever has happened either to them or me."

"Well—well!" exclaimed my sister, impatiently, "open the valise! Quick! I'm dying to see them!"

With much dignity I fitted the key into the lock, and turned it. At first it resisted in an unusual manner, but suddenly it gave way, and the bag opened.

I started back. The contents of the valise were certainly not in the condition in which I had left them.

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Alice, who had already begun an investigation. "Why, Jack Bascomb, this bag is filled with old newspapers and bricks! It's not your valise at all!"

I sank into a chair unable to utter a word.

" Didn't I tell ye so, sor?" remarked Patrick, who had lingered by the door.

"And here's envelope directed to you, in the bottom of the bag," added my sister.

I took it open, and on the dainty sheet which it enclosed I read these words:

"MY DEAR JACK:

It was all a put-up job. When in the future you travel alone, beware of pretty and unprotected girls like yours truly,

"LAURA GARDNER."

I will not linger on the scene which followed. The memory of it is still painful. My sister did not spare me, and I could not say a word in self-defense.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Bascomb," she said, with an attempt at a smile.

She removed her bundles and I seated myself by her side, which, I imagined might have been reserved by her for expectation of my arrival. I placed it by my side, and, resting my arm upon it, mentally congratulated myself on my superior sagacity and shrewdness.

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"Have you got the diamonds? Has anything happened?" demanded my sister and a dozen of her young lady friends, springing to my side as I entered the drawing-room.

"Bother! Yes!" I exclaimed, "I've got the diamonds, and nothing whatever has happened either to them or me."

"Well—well!" exclaimed my sister, impatiently, "open the valise! Quick! I'm dying to see them!"

With much dignity I fitted the key into the lock, and turned it. At first it resisted in an unusual manner, but suddenly it gave way, and the bag opened.

I started back. The contents of the valise were certainly not in the condition in which I had left them.

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Alice, who had already begun an investigation. "Why, Jack Bascomb, this bag is filled with old newspapers and bricks! It's not your valise at all!"

I muttered something not very complimentary to the ladies as I jumped into the vehicle.

"Sure, sor," said Patrick, as he leaped into the box and started the horses, "did you have any trouble in gettin' the diamonds safe here?"

"Certainly not, Patrick," I replied, with dignity.

"Well, d'y'e know, sor, there's bin a dale o' worryin' about you at the house this day. By the way, sor—excuse the liberty—who was the young lady I seen ye a-talkin' to in the car?"